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Bremen, nor Holstein, nor Brandenburg. Moreover, the circles of the Upper and Lower Rhine are not indicated at all; and although Lower Saxony is given, Upper Saxony stands without the adjective. Then the Palatinate is made to include Alsatia, and the Netherlands are divided into "United," and "Spanish," — a division which did not exist until after the revolt from Philip II. Most of the names are judiciously given in their English form, but for Lorraine we have the Latin name Lothringia. We fancy, that, after the analogy of the Indian who was born "at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore," Mr. Gage has evolved a map of Germany out of his own consciousness, which is intended to do service for a series of centuries at once. It certainly does not represent any one period.

We have not thought it worth while to notice any of the merits of this atlas, for the reason that they result from the nature of things, not from the care of the editor. It would be difficult to make a series of maps, especially maps so clearly and handsomely printed as these, which should be absolutely worthless; but those before us come as near to being so as is perhaps possible. We do not see a single point in which the work of the editor has been well done; and we regret this the more because so elegant and showy a volume will necessarily pre-occupy the market, and prevent the publication of a really good historical atlas, such as our community needs, and ought to have.

6. — *Studies in Early French Poetry.* By WALTER BESANT, M. A., Christ's College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Company. 1868.

THE time is rapidly passing away when a graduate of one of our leading colleges, who had carried off the highest honors in his class, could ask with surprise, "Who were Goethe, and Schiller, and Molière?" The coming schoolboy will know something of many a poet and historian of whom his father never heard; but there are many others of whom he, too, is likely to remain in ignorance, so long as the modern languages are taught in the way in which they are almost universally taught to-day. If we are to feel unmixed satisfaction at the prominence which these studies are assuming in this country, they must lead to something more than the ability to speak French and German with fluency, and a superficial acquaintance with the literature of the last two or three centuries. And we are not without hope that the time may come when the American student who enjoys Heine and Uhland may read with scarcely less relish the *Meistersänger* and the *Minne-*

sänger and the Nibelungenlied, — when he will even lay aside Molière for *Maistre Pierre Patelin*, and Victor Hugo for the *Chanson de Roland*. Nor would he be adding another to his list of languages; for the language of Rutebeuf and Villehardouin differs scarcely more from that of Alfred de Musset and Lamartine than the language of Chaucer from that of Tennyson; and it is only by the study of the spirit and form of the elder language and literature that the modern can be thoroughly understood.

It was out of this conviction that this volume of “*Studies in Early French Poetry*” grew. It is a series of sketches of the lives and works of the more noted poets of the fourteenth century, with numerous quotations from them, sometimes translated, oftener in the original French, and an introductory chapter which traces an outline of the literary history of the preceding centuries. The period was well chosen, for it lies just beyond the boundary which separates what is called old from what is called modern French. Ronsard and the Pleiad, in the sixteenth century, broke utterly with the traditions and models of the Middle Ages; and Malherbe, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, widened the breach. Marot alone, who fitly terminates our author's series of poets, forms a golden link between the two eras. Yet the period which closed with him is not one of the most brilliant epochs in French literary history. The stately epics of the thirteenth century, the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Roman de Raoul de Cambrai*, the *Chanson des Loherains*, with their stern pictures of the earlier chivalry, seem to have exerted as little influence on the poets who came immediately after them as on the great classic poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And yet, in spite of all their faults, their want of method and perspective, their trivialities in thought and expression, their offences against taste, — in spite of the half-formed and unsettled state of the language in which they were composed, it is beyond question that they remain unequalled by any epic poem which has since been produced in France. In the opinion of Sainte-Beuve, no one who compares the *Duel d'Olivier et de Roland*, in the *Roman de Girart de Viane*, with the *Mariage de Roland*, in the *Légende des Siècles*, will hesitate to award the palm to the old “*trouvère sans renom*,” Bertrand de Bar-le-Duc. But these grand heroic poems passed out of mind almost with the century which gave them birth, and it was a small circle of men, some of whom are still young, who brought out, and dusted, and deciphered the forgotten manuscripts, and established the fact that France, too, has her Iliads.

The humbler and more popular branch of the poetry of the thirteenth century, the *Fabliaux*, or tales of love and adventure, took deeper root,

and exhibited a more luxuriant growth. Imitated in Italy by Boccaccio, in Germany by the Minnesänger, in Denmark and Wales, and even in Iceland, they furnished the favorite model to the French poets of the fourteenth century. But as the branches spread, the fruit deteriorated; the fancy exhausted itself by its own exuberance; and before the end of the fourteenth century we find ourselves lost in the mazes of the interminable allegories of the *Roman de la Rose*. We have left Roland and Oliver, Amadis and Berthe *au grand pied*, Lancelot and Merlin, for Dame Raison and Damoiselle Oiseuse, Dangier and Franchise, Bel Accueil and Male Bouche. And this pernicious example affects the entire fifteenth century; even in the earlier poems of Clément Marot we meet with the familiar and tiresome names of Doute and Ferme Amour, Beau Parler, Bien Celer, and the rest. But the days of feudalism were gone; a new power was beginning to make itself felt, — the power of the people, — and France was struggling towards the Renaissance. No great poet appeared, it is true; and Mr. Besant does not claim this much abused title for any one in his list of bards. The highest names to which they aspired were those of *orateur* and *rhéteur*; insufferable rhymers most of them were, but the very worst of them gives promise of better things, — for the degeneracy could not go much farther, and here and there one stopped for a moment the tide of decline. It is easy to exaggerate the value of our newly found treasures, but there are some names on these pages which will never again be suffered to go down into what D'Aubigné calls the "*puits de l'oubli*." In the best of them the subjects are monotonous and the versification artificial; but there will always be room hereafter, even by the side of Racine and Corneille, for the melancholy and courtly grace of Charles of Orléans, the grim raillery, the half-repentant, half-desperate self-reproach of Villon, the gallant and caustic sprightliness of Mellin de Saint-Gelais, rival and friend of Marot, and for Marot himself, the well-bred, impudent, gentle, careless, unlucky, delightful Marot.

These are some of the men who are introduced to us in Mr. Besant's book. He tells us their story and shows us how they wrote, in the hope that we may catch something of his enthusiasm for his old friends, and read them further for ourselves. As an introduction to the literature of the period, his work merits much praise. It is entertaining, it is instructive, the biographical sketches are sprightly and in general accurate, the translations are easy and in most cases sufficiently exact, and if the author is sometimes so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to say of Francis I. that "he never deserted a friend or betrayed an enemy who trusted in him," and to speak of Margaret of Navarre, the

sister of Francis and the daughter of Louise of Savoy, as "leading a life of purity and self-denial in a period of unrestrained license," we are ready to pardon his loyalty and his gallantry for the sake of the general correctness of his views. The chapter on Francis and Margaret is to us the least satisfactory in the volume. Mr. Besant confines himself, it is true, to their "literary fame," and this in the case of Francis is slender enough. But there is no character in the whole era of the Renaissance in France more attractive than that of the Queen of Navarre. Trained in severe studies, acquainted with Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and more or less with Hebrew and Greek, twice married by her brother, and unhappy in both unions, the patron of free thought and of liberal views, the champion at her brother's court of the cause of toleration, and the centre of a brilliant literary circle at her own, which she made the asylum of persecuted reformers, in her later years devout even to mysticism, exchanging epigrams with Clément Marot and learned letters with Erasmus, while she was composing mysteries and farces and the *Heptaméron des Nouvelles*, she surely deserves more than the half-dozen hasty pages which Mr. Besant gives to her. It was not necessary to speak particularly of her at all, for her fame does not rest on her verses; but the chapter which is devoted mainly to her is unworthy of so warm an admirer of the poets for whom she did so much.

If we look more closely into the book, we shall find many other instances of hasty work. It is not worth while to quarrel about some inaccuracies in dates, which are almost all more or less uncertain; but Martial d'Auvergne was not born in the year 1440 (see page 99), or else he received the office of *Procureur* at the age of eighteen, — for his epitaph in Latin, quoted by M. Jacques Joly, states, that at his death, in 1508, he had held that office for fifty years. The true date is probably 1420. On page 201, Mr. Besant assumes that the *Cent Nouvelles nouvelles* were edited in 1456, and the farce of *Maistre Pierre Patelin* in 1470. He does not give his authorities for these dates, and in regard to the former it can only be said that it is possible, though the oldest manuscript of which we have any notice is dated 1462. As to the date of *Patelin*, M. Génin's argument is at least a strong one for believing it to have been previous to that of the *Cent Nouvelles nouvelles*, as early at least as 1460. If this is correct, the question of authorship is settled, for Pierre Blanchet was then one year old.

But however these questions may be decided, there can certainly be no difference of opinion in regard to the meaning of the verb *tarir*, and yet Mr. Besant has translated (page 122) the line,

"Que sa grace ne soit pour nous tarie,"

"that His grace may not be *tarnished* for us." Again, in the quotation from Rabelais (page 126) we find the words "*chargez vos fusées et tisons*" translated "charge *him home briskly* with your squibs and burning sticks"; but *charger* means *to load*, and is here applied humorously to the only species of fire-arms with which Villon's devils were provided. On page 127, in his outline of the *Petit Testament* of Villon, we read: "He orders that his three children . . . shall be provided for, at least *till* winter." The original is:—

"J'ordonne qu'il seront pourvez
Au moins pour passer cest yver."

Again, in the next line, he shows that he has wholly mistaken the meaning of the eleventh stanza of the same work. It is not Villon's friend who is "in prison for a bill of six sous," but his old sword which is pawned for that amount, and which is to be given up to Maistre Jehan le Cornu, when he has paid for it. Again, a few lines below, we find: "The hospitals may have his *chests* full of spiders' webs." The original is:—

"Item, je laisse aux hospitaux
Mes chassiss tissus d'araignée";

which can only mean, "I leave to the hospitals my *window frames* covered with spiders' webs." The *Petit Testament* seems to have occasioned Mr. Besant considerable difficulty; no wonder he finds it "rather dull"; but this is no reason why he should say that it consists of forty-five stanzas, instead of forty. On page 133, following most of the commentators, he translates the line,

"Et m'eust il fait les rains trayner,"

"even if he dragged me along the ground." But a comparison of this passage with the twentieth stanza of the *Petit Testament* shows that *rains* is not another form of *reins*, but, as Mr. P. L. Jacob points out, an old word for *fagots*, and the sense is, "and had he made me carry fagots." Before we leave Villon, it is worth while to remark, that, in saying (page 136), "Franc Gontier had written in praise of a pastoral life," Mr. Besant has simply fallen into the error of La Fontaine's monkey, who mistook Piræus for a man's name: he has mistaken the name of a book for that of its author. The *Dicts de Franc Gontier* were written by Philippe de Vitré, Bishop of Meaux.

We have said that this book may be useful as an introduction to the study of the early French literature; for the study of the early language its typographical errors make it absolutely worthless. Of course, where orthography is so unsettled, the largest allowance must be made for differences of texts, and many of the misprints are such as any stu-

dent familiar with the modern language would readily correct. They are frequent in the citations from recent writers, as well as in those from the poets whom Mr. Besant offers for our study. Here, of course, correctness is of the utmost importance; and yet, in comparing, for example, the extracts given from Christine de Pisan with the most carefully edited text which we have at hand, that given by Bartsch in the first volume of his *Chrestomathie Française*, we have noted in the forty lines quoted on page 51 not less than thirty-five variations, — none of which, indeed, render the sense unintelligible, though many of them transform the words in which they occur from words of the fifteenth century into words of the nineteenth. Very many of the errors in the volume are, however, more serious than these. We can note only a few. In the oaths of “Louis de Germanique” and the subjects of Charles the Bald, which are given as a specimen of the language of the ninth century, there are five misprints in nine lines, — two of which may have arisen from manuscript corruptions. They are *Salvan* for *salvar*, *suo* for *sua*, *lo stanit* for *los tanit*, *iner* for *iv er*. On page 82 we have *consté* for *cousté*, and *n* and *u* seem to be used indifferently in a large number of words. In the last line on page 91, —

“Que leur chant étant morts si l'on parle ou non ?”

the judge in *Patelin* would be puzzled again to find either rhyme or reason. It becomes clear, when correctly printed, —

“Que leur chault étant morts que l'on en parle ou non ?”

On page 109, *Du roy trespasé* is travestied into *Du roy très passé*. On page 138 we find *leste ballade* for *ceste ballade*; on page 172, *chose éternelle en mort en tombe* for *ne tombe*; on page 204, *Que dyable les vous presfera?* for *Qui*, etc.; on page 210, *A Dieu me puiser commander*, for *A Dieu me puisse commander*; on the same page, *Il les a mes vrayement?* for *Il les a eues vrayement?* On the page following, in the couplet *Je n'ay point aprins que je donge Mes draps, en donnant, ne veillant, donnant* is manifestly for *dormant*; and on page 214, in *Il en yra Ainsi qu'il ne pourra aller, ne* should obviously be changed to *en*. The last two lines on page 227 are taken from a corrupt text, and contain a grammatical fault, which, with all his other vices, Octavien de Saint-Gelais would never have committed. They are given thus: —

“De jeune, vieux; de beau, laid suis venu.

En jeunes ans rien n'était impossible,” etc.

The reading of M. A. de Montaignon is certainly better: —

“De jeune vieux, de joyeux esperdu,

De beau tres lait, et de joyeux taisible

Suis devenu; rien n'estoit impossible,” etc.

On page 266 we find *Par la mortbien* for *mortbieu*, the older form of *morbleu*, through which its etymology is traced to *mort (de) dieu*. On page 267 the unintelligible words "*cueur il me happe saye et bonnet*" are for *encore il me happe*, etc. In the rondeau on page 283 Marot is made to speak of his mistress's breath as "*adorant plus que basme*"; what he did say was *odorant*.

These are by no means all the errors we have noted, and we have collated only a portion of the citations with trustworthy texts, but we have indicated enough to justify our statement that for linguistic study the book cannot be safely used, and to show, that, if it goes, as we hope it will, to a second edition, it should be subjected to a careful revision.

7. — *The New England Tragedies*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. I. *John Endicott*. II. *Giles Corey of the Salem Farms*. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Company. 1868. 12mo., pp. 179.

WHEN Mr. Browning published "*Dramatic Lyrics*," or Mr. Tennyson "*The Idylls of the King*," the title of the book showed to what kind of poetry the author thought its contents belonged. It was therefore pertinent for the reader to apply to the work the rules which define the kind of poetry in question, and to say whether or not the terms were properly employed. But Mr. Longfellow, in calling his new poems "*The New England Tragedies*," meant to describe his themes, and not his manner of unfolding them. It has been shown a hundred times that the persecution of the Quakers and the Witchcraft delusion were not peculiar to New England:—

"This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time."

But they were tragic here beyond what they were elsewhere, — tragic beyond the violence of individual passion, or the pathos of personal suffering, because they were violence according to law founded upon the beliefs of the people, — the innocent made to suffer by the innocent, in obedience to moral and religious convictions, which are, the world over, as cruel as Fate. Therefore, in whatever way the stories be told, it is right to call them "*The New England Tragedies*"; and the work is not on that account necessarily to be judged by the canons of tragic writing. "*Sapiens subtilisque lector non debet diversis conferre diversa, sed singula expendere, nec deterius alio putare quod est in suo genere perfectum.*" (Plin. Epist. III. xiv.)

Having fallen upon these fortunate subjects, the poet could have de-